

The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler
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"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,
Be all Thy graces now pour'd
On the believer's mind and soul,
And touch their hearts with living coal.
Thy Light this day shone forth so clear,
All tongues and nations gather'd near,
To learn that faith, for which we bring
Glad praise to Thee, and loudly sing,

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou Strong Defence, Thou Holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart:
The Word of life and truth impart,
That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou Sacred Ardour, Comfort Sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
Lord, make us ready with Thy powers,
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee our course.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

LUTHER. 1524.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE CHURCH
IN NORTH CAROLINA CLASSIS.

Fathers and Brethren:—Through the mercies of God we have again been permitted to hear and learn what the Lord has done in the bounds of the North Carolina Classis for our Reformed Zion. While our hearts flow with gratitude to the great Head of the church for what has been accomplished for the Master's cause and kingdom on earth, we have much to cast a shadow of gloom over our hearts and call for increased efforts in spiritual growth. While some parts of this moral vineyard show but little increase numerically or even spiritually, we have reason to believe that the spiritual seed cast through faith upon the waters, will return in the near future, a rich harvest laden with the fruits of the Holy Spirit. In other parts of this great field of labor, the dark forms of vice and immorality are gradually disappearing, and the spiritual horizon brightening for a better day. The work in this Classis is aggressive and demands greater energies and more laborers from year to year. The old veterans, who have been waging war against the powers of darkness, and borne the heat and burden of the day—who have so nobly raised their voices in defence of the truth, until their manly vigor and energies are maturing for a future and we hope a brighter scene of action, are no longer able to meet the demands of pressing work with undue effort, by reason of the growth and extension of Zion's borders. This makes it necessary that self-sacrificing

and energetic young men be called to the work to renew the battle of the old pioneers. This spiritual warfare needs the combined activity and prayers of the church, for the fight is waxing hot, by reason of avarice, pride, and evil inventions, which pervade the church as well as the world at the present day to an alarming extent.

The Mission work has not progressed as might be desired. This is due almost entirely to a want of men and means. Our Concord Mission has not been so encouraging during the past year as to increase in church work as was anticipated. This is not due to the want of energy or the faithful dispensation of the means of grace by the watchful Shepherd of the little flock. Other points have been opened up during the last few years that demand attention. Let the watchmen on Zion's tower unitedly adopt the watchword "Aggression." To God be the praise, glory, dominion and strength of our salvation and growth through Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

Respt. submitted,

PAUL BARRINGER.

"Christian World," please copy.

For The Messenger.
HENRY ANTES, A GERMAN PIONEER.

The following synopsis, prepared by Prof. Seidensticker of this city, of a lecture delivered by Henry S. Dotterer, Esq., a member of the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia, will doubtless be read with interest by many subscribers to the MESSENGER. The lecture was delivered on Friday evening, April 28th, and was interesting particularly to the writer, because the subject of the sketch is included among the "Fathers of the Reformed Church," and also because of the thoroughness with which the lecturer entered into the spirit of early pioneer life in Pennsylvania. Professor Seidensticker writes in German for the Philadelphia Democrat of May 4th, 1882, of which this is a free translation.

D. V. H.

At the last monthly meeting of the German Pioneer Association of Philadelphia, Henry S. Dotterer read a paper upon the career of an old German pioneer of the beginning of the last century, named Henry Antes, a worthy settler, a capable farmer, and builder of mills in the then wilderness of Pennsylvania. The following are the most interesting parts of his biography. His family name was originally Von Blume, afterward changed to Anthos, the equivalent Greek word, by an ecclesiastic in the family, from which it derived the American name Antes. He was born in 1701, it is supposed in Friesheim in the Rhenish Palatinate, and in youth came with his parents to Pennsylvania, his father having purchased 150 acres of land at Matawny, near Pottstown.

Henry built a paper and grist-mill in Crefeld, a part of Germantown, and also acquired in 1735, 175 acres of land along the Perkiomen in Frederick township, in Philadelphia county, near Montgomery, upon which George Hübner and he erected a grist mill. Here he took up his residence and soon gained an extended influence in the neighborhood.

His participation in the religious movements of his time possess a special interest. He was brought up in the Reformed faith, but some time during the years 1736-1741, he was drawn into a unionistic movement by the joint influence of Bishop Spangenberg and Count Zinzendorf, the Moravians. The object of this movement was to open the way for a unity of all "true Christians" of all confessions in a so-called "congregation of God." The first meeting of this body was called at Germantown on the 1st of January, 1742; this was followed by others during the succeeding months. Delegates from all the Churches and sects of the Germans in Pennsylvania attended, among which were Lutherans and Reformed Mennonites, Schwenkfelders, Dunkers, Seventh Day Baptists, the Inspired, and Separatists. The seventh and last conference was held at Philadelphia in June, 1742. The entire plan failed, as was to be expected, and towards the close of the movement only Zinzendorf and his adherents, of whom Antes was one, attended.

In 1742, Antes assisted the Moravians to build their first Gemein-haus in Bethlehem, and also several mills in that vicinity. In July, 1742, the first "Sea-congregation" of the Moravians, a body of immigrants, lodged at his house in Frederick township, and later in the same year, the first Moravian Synod assembled there. In March, 1745, at a meeting of the Synod, also held at his house, he offered the use of his farm and mill property for the establishment of a boarding school, which continued in existence there until 1749. Beside whites, Indian and negro children were taught there. Antes, meanwhile lived at Bethlehem and vicinity. In 1752 he accompanied Spangenberg and others to North Carolina, for the purpose of selecting and surveying land purchased by the Moravians, and returned in poor health in consequence of the hardships endured during the journey. Two years before this he had withdrawn from the Moravian Church on account of the introduction of a measure of which he disapproved.

For many years he was a justice of the peace. He died, after much suffering, on the 20th of July, 1755. The Moravians paid him the last honors. Surrounded by wild flowers, and shaded by forest trees, upon the banks of Swamp Creek, in Falkner's lovely vale, is the simple grave of Antes. A stone bears this inscription:

Hier ruet
Henrich Antes,
Ein redlich Kühner
Handhaber der Gerechtigkeit,
Und treuer Diener
Vor Welt und Gottes Leut
Entschlief
In Friedrichs-Town den 2 Julii 1755.
Seines Alters 55 Jahre.

For The Messenger.

NEWS FROM THE OLD MOUNTAIN HOME.
Mercersburg Classis—College Testimonial
to the Clerk, &c.

Mercersburg Classis has met in its 42d annual session at Mercersburg. There is quite a full attendance of pastors and delegates. The reading of parochial reports showed substantial progress and hopeful prospects in all the charges. Spirited but good natured discussions arose from time to time on the reception of the reports. A rather new but appropriate feature consisted in the fact that through the persistent demands of father Haderman, that venerable, warm-hearted, Swiss-American Reformed elder, the delegate elders were required to state whether or not they and their fellow-elders, as well as pastors, had been faithful in visiting the sick and performing the constitutional and scriptural duties devolving upon them as elders. All confessed judgment and promised to be more faithful in this respect in the future performance of their ordination vows and obligations. We believe nothing but good can result from the fulfillment of these promises.

Pastor Brown and his people have given the members of Classis a hospitable reception, and we are having a real good time socially as well as ecclesiastically. Above the pulpit in large evergreen letters is the appropriate "WELCOME TO THE OLD MOUNTAIN HOME." In front of the chancel is a kind of floral pyramid, full of fragrance and of beauty. Back of the altar and leaning against the pulpit is a very chaste floral cross.

On Friday afternoon the Classis accepted the invitation of Rev. Dr. Aughinbaugh, to visit Mercersburg College, which has been so auspiciously reviewed under his efficient management. The College now numbers fifty students on its roll—about half of whom are pursuing classical courses of study. One of the students delivered an appropriate address of welcome, and a number of young ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves quite handsomely in essays, declamations, etc., much to the gratification of the members of Classis. When the students were through with their exercises, Rev. C. Cort rose and said that it would be well to give some of the older boys a chance to speak a piece, and as Bro. F. A. Rupley was the oldest graduate, and had served longest in the ministry of any member of Classis, he would call upon Bro. R. for a little speech.

Bro. Rupley then stepped on the platform where Rev. W. M. Deatrich, the President of the Board of Regents of the College was seated, and made a speech in his happiest vein. He came to College forty-seven years ago. He was here when the corner-stone of this building was laid. Bro. Rupley referred humorously to their juvenile efforts at oratory on this very spot. Pathetically he spoke of the loved ones who had passed away and whom he could now almost see enter one of the other doors of the room. He was there when the present President of the Board and Stated Clerk of Classis first came to College, and he must say, he was then decidedly green, but now his locks are silvered. He was reminded too that it is just twenty-five years since Bro. Deatrich had been elected Stated Clerk of Classis, and this might be regarded as a sort of silver wedding occasion. In view of these facts the brethren of Classis had thought right and proper to hand the brother twenty-five silver dollars for himself and a little piece of gold for his wife.

While making the last remark Bro. Rupley reached into the pocket of his frock coat and drew forth a large handful of bright silver dollars and laid them in the lap of the astonished Stated Clerk, who made such a sudden start that some of the "dollars of our fathers" rolled off upon the platform amid the applause and merriment of the students and members of Classis. Bro. Deatrich was taken completely by surprise and stammered out something about being thankful for the memorial token of their appreciation, but it was hardly fair to take a man that way and not let him know the programme so that he could collect his thoughts for a speech.

These proceedings were greatly enjoyed by all present, and it was felt that the *surprise* was a grand success. Dr. Aughinbaugh then made a short address to the Classis, invoking their prayers and hearty co-operations in his efforts to restore the institution to something of its ancient prosperity. He felt that the toils and prayers of our sainted fathers who had done and endured so much in behalf of these institutions, could not be in vain. The work in which he was now engaged, he felt was likely to be the last work of his life, and if successful he felt it would be the *best* work of his life. If the Classis and the Church would sustain the institution with their patronage, he felt that success was ensured. He asked not for money, but they should send their sons and daughters there for instruction and all would be well.

Rev. Titzel then offered prayer and the long metre doxology "Praise God, etc., etc." was sung much as we heard it sung in those sacred precincts hundreds of times in years gone by. It is gratifying indeed to be able to report such favorable signs and auspices in behalf of Mercersburg College as well as the Church. Students are now enrolled not only from the Cumberland Valley, but also from the Lebanon Valley. Yea, verily, "Alt Brüder" has sent a couple of her boys to the old Mountain Home. May the good work go on until the palmy days of old will be revived not only in thought or memory, but genuine, abiding realities.

KUROS.

May 13, 1882.

Selections.

THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

You have made the sacrifice. You have denied yourself, taken up the cross, and followed Christ. You have crucified your worldly ambitions and mortified the flesh in order to serve the living God. But, my brother, is it a living sacrifice?

One of my college friends made a sacrifice which deeply impressed the whole class. He was a brilliant fellow. He had succeeded in every ambition of his life. Just as he was crowned with the highest honors of the University he was suddenly arrested by the voice of God calling him to repentance. His life had been so vain and supremely selfish that he knew there could be no conversion for him which was not sudden, perpendicular, and revolutionary. After a fierce struggle, which almost unseated his reason, he made the complete surrender. A near relative, who held a commanding position at the bar and in political life, was waiting to receive him into his office, and push him rapidly into

the arena of public life. He let the glittering prize slip from his hands, and with a heavy heart turned to theological studies, for which he had no taste. He was repudiated by the woman he loved, because she had set her heart upon a gay and glorious career. He refused calls to one or two of the first pulpits in the country, and commenced his gospel labors in a mission chapel among the tenements of a great city. After a few years he went away alone to one of the most forbidding fields of labor among the heathen. There, at last, he succeeded in his hard, stern, exaction of the utmost sacrifice of his life.

It was a noble sacrifice. But on that altar was a lifeless victim. The vitality was burned out of his life at the beginning. He buried his political ambition alive. He was unable to forget what he had given up. His hands and thoughts were in his work, but his heart was in the grave of the past. He could not leave the dead to bury the dead. He was performing an unreasonable service, and toiling for an impossible crown. He kept trying for ten years, to offer a dead sacrifice to the living God.

Then, at last, he was led into the light by a heathen whom he was trying to lead out of the darkness. He was preaching about the Saviour, who endured the cross, despising the shame, when a Brahmin of the highest caste happened to enter the chapel. The man was instantly pricked to the heart. He gave up his caste, and soon became a fervent preacher of righteousness. The missionary was astonished to find that his new convert was the happiest man he ever knew. He despised the shame. His service was a living sacrifice, and by the mercies of God, my friend was led at length to offer his body a living sacrifice to God, which is his reasonable service. He mourns no more over the dead work of the past. The Lord has restored to him the joys of His salvation.

Have I been telling the story of some wearied hearts to whom this paper will come? I beseech you, by the mercies of God, remember that the Christian sacrifice is never to be killed. You are denying the Lord that bought you and falling from grace if you put your offering to death. There is no atonement for sin in mere sacrifices. Christ has appeared once at the end of the world to put away sins by the sacrifice of Himself. The things that we are to kill, our lusts and our pride, would make an abominable sacrifice to God. But our work, our affections, and our aspirations have been raised from the dead with our Lord, and are to be presented as a living sacrifice. Is it not a reasonable service? —Rev. Wolcott Calkins in Congregationalist.

FORGIVENESS.

I see you are hanging on the edge of a precipice. Thank God you are not at the bottom. Thousands drop into perdition from the crag of implacability. Forgiveness is man's deepest need and highest achievement. All the "strong and beautiful things on forgiveness," which you so much admire in my books, were distilled in the alembic of my own experience. I have not had your trials, but my self-mastery was no less heavy. I know what it is to have the purest motives, most fervent prayers, and most incessant labors misinterpreted and misrepresented. I know what the moral whipping-post means. But what I have done, or Christ in me, you can do likewise. Nothing does God require more explicitly than a clean forgiveness. Your provocations are multiplied and aggravated. The rasp that is drawn across your sensibilities without respite for successive years, is rough and sharp enough to require the concentration of all the Jobs in Christendom. Be not dismayed; only believe. Great trials make great saints. Deserts and stone pillars prepare for an open heaven and an angel-crowded ladder. But you are, indeed, sorely probed, and from the depths of my soul I pity you. If this is any comfort to you, let down your bucket to the end of your chain, with the assurance that what is deepest and most tender in me is open to your dip. But your victory rests with yourself. Kinghood over the vast territory of self must be, in order to a genuine forgiveness. To tear yourself from yourself, to double yourself up and thrust yourself under your heels, and make a general smash of yourself, and be all the more truly yourself for this mauling and self-annihilation—this is the work before you, and a mighty work it is. To accomplish this, we must be close enough to Jesus to feel the beating of His heart. By the man time you are through your struggle you will be a god, fit to occupy a seat with Christ upon His throne. Kings alone can truly forgive, as kings alone can reign. You know the import of the cross. Set your heart like a flint against every suggestion that cheapens the blood of the dear, great Lamb, and you will as surely get the meaning of Christ crucified, as that He left His life in the world.—Horace Bushnell.

Family Reading.

COME TO THY TEMPLE.

Come to Thy temple here on earth,
Be Thou my spirit's guest,
Who givest us of mortal birth
A second birth more blest;
Spirit beloved, Thou mighty Lord,
Who with the Father and the Son
Reignest upon an equal throne,
Art equally adored!

Oh enter, let me feel and know
Thy mighty power within,
That can alone our help bestow,
And rescue us from sin.
Oh cleanse my soul and make it white,
That I with heart unstain'd and true,
May daily render service due,
And honour Thee aright.

—Paul Gerhardt.

CHRISTINA.

She was the result of an experiment—a desperate experiment. How desperate it was, some of the girls who read the "Companion" no doubt know from experience.

Mother and I lived alone in the dear old homestead; just outside of a drowsy village in Delaware. Old Sanders worked the farm, and lived in the tenant house, as he had done for thirty years, but he was getting old and cranky, and threatened every month to leave us. But our great misery—"the messenger of Satan sent to buffet us"—was the "girl" who was not in the kitchen.

With all the neighborhood, we depended for servants on free negroes, who invariably decamped in a body to the fields or the great cannery houses as soon as the peach crop came in.

We tried a wandering Irish woman; she drank. A genteel American who had seen better days; and she disappeared with my one silk dress.

During the whole spring and summer mother and I worked, cleansed, canned berries, milked and churned and "tried a succession of poor creatures who left us with our patience worn to the last thread."

One night mother announced, "I am going to try an experiment. It shall be with a foreigner who cannot speak a word of English, who never heard of 'privileges,' of cannery-houses, of the fashions, or the beer shop. I will go to Philadelphia tomorrow, board an emigrant ship and carry off an untamed savage—a woman Friday."

I laughed at it as a joke, and was a good deal startled that night when mother at prayers asked that she "might be successful in her undertaking," adding, after a little pause:

"May the woman I shall bring be of help to us in making our daily life more cheerful and peaceable, and may we help her upward in her way through life."

"Well, mother," I said, doubtfully, as we started up to bed, "I never knew you to ask the Lord before to control the kitchen affairs."

"Some people," she said, gravely, "think it an insult to the Almighty to suppose that He concerns Himself about our little worries. Perhaps He has His messengers for such small work in the upper world, just as He has in this. I don't know. But I do know that He does attend to all the things I ask Him about."

Mother was as simple and direct as a child, even in her religion.

The next day she visited the city, went aboard a Bremen vessel, and brought home—Christina. She was about sixteen; fat and round as a churn, with clear skin, blue eyes, a funny little knob of hair on top of her head, a white muslin waist, short gray woolen petticoat and heavy shoes.

"She cannot speak a word of English," said mother, looking half scared. "She is a Norwegian. The agent said she had a dreadful history. But her honest face tempted me. I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'Take this one!'"

"She is an escaped convict, no doubt," I said. "That guiding voice of yours, little mother, induced you to bring in Blue Peter out of the almshouse, who set fire to the supper."

Christina followed me dumb and watchful—from kitchen to dining-room, while I laid the table, prepared the muffins, fried the chicken and made coffee.

She did not offer to touch anything or to help me. But the next morning, when I went down to ready the breakfast, there was the table laid, and chicken, muffins and coffee precisely as she had seen them the night before.

She was faithful and imitative as a Chinaman, and she was already a good cook and dairy maid. She learned a few words of English, and with them she showed her gratitude for any simple kindness shown her. We fancied, too, that she took pleasure in the beautiful country around her.

It never looked more beautiful than it did that summer. The great orchards were red with fruit, constant showers kept the forests pure in tint, the wild rose and sweet briar covered every field and roadside.

But the poor Norwegian was wretchedly unhappy. Her unsmiling face and wide sad eyes seemed to carry misery into the barnyard and dairy, and leavened the very bread we ate. When she was safe in her own room I heard her stifled sobs until late in the night.

"One is almost tempted to remember your convict theory," said mother, anxious one day.

We tasted our comfort at leisure; we brought out some fancy work and books which we had never hoped to find time to read.

Then came a letter from Julia Webb. It was a thunder clap in our clear sky. Julia was a cousin; only the sheerest courtesy; a beauty; a spoiled heiress; a belle with a dozen lovers. She was coming *en route* to Newport, to spend a week with us.

"Very likely some of these troublesome men will follow to find how your hermitage suits poor little butterfly me," she wrote. "But you will make them welcome darling Auntie! There is a Count Pasco, who is my chief nuisance just now. He is a charming, ridiculous creature! I shall be delighted to give him a peep into an American middle-class interior. And it will be a good opportunity for you and Cousin Martha to have a glimpse of a foreign nobleman. Your gloomy life needs a little cheering."

I tore the letter up, a little viciously, I confess, and mother laughed.

"Never mind, Mattie," she said. "It is true; we are middle-class people."

"It isn't that. But you know, mother, even if the potatoes turn out well we shall not have a dollar over when the year is out, and how are we going to meet this high tide of company and fashion and foreign nobility? Julia is quite capable of stopping a month if the whim for 'hermitage' life seizes her.

"We can do without winter dresses," said mother, thoughtfully. "But even with that, the table must be very plain."

I wondered secretly if the blessed woman had put this calamity in the care of the angels. Afterwards, I believed that she had. Julia came; so did the lovers; so did Count Pasco.

There was a regiment of them at the village inn, but they took our house by storm all day.

There were charade parties and picnic excursions. Julia trailed in her magnificent silks or gauzy lawns up and down the wet meadows; she called the old homestead "a charming old rockery," pointed out the magnificent sweep of hill and valley to the east, with the great glittering plain of the bay beyond, as a "nice little effect," and told Count Pasco that mother and I were "queen bits of human bric-a-brac."

But she was so pretty, and brilliant, and willful, that nobody could be angry with her.

One day I found her in the kitchen in a blue silk wrapper, perched on a flour barrel, while Christina, standing before her, poured out a flood of words, sobbing and wringing her hands. Tears, too, had wet Julia's rose-leaf cheeks.

"What is the matter? Can you understand her?" I asked.

"Pretty well. You know I passed a summer in Norway, and picked up a good deal of the language. Poor thing! She was brought up here by mistake!"

"By mistake?"

"Yes. It seems they were frightfully poor—her mother and brother and herself—and she went as nurse with some tradesman's wife to Bremen. When her time of service was out she was sent home, but by mistake, at night, was put aboard a steamer for Philadelphia instead of for Christina."

"Why! we ought to send her back again!" I cried, feeling as if I had been concerned in a case of kidnapping.

"No. Better bring her family out here. She says it is so beautiful! so plenty to eat; it is like the Garden of Eden. If her mother and Jan could come, she would have nothing more to ask."

"She might save her money and send for them."

"It costs a good deal. It would take her years to earn so much. Besides, Jan is under bonds to pay a debt of his father's. I don't know how much. One or two hundred dollars. She'll have to carry her burden like the rest of us. Where's the Count?" and she skipped out of the kitchen, humming a gay song, while Christina turned hopelessly to her work.

A few stammered words in her own tongue, however, had made the poor girl a slave to Julia. She followed her around from that day, waiting on her, told her story a hundred times.

"I am horribly bored by this unending talk of 'mutter, mutter,' and 'Jan, Jan,' said mother gently."

"Do keep her away from me to-day then," impatiently.

"To-day" was to be signalized by an oyster bake on the shore of the bay. The Count and four other worshippers were supposed to act as cooks and waiters, but Christina did all the work.

She built the fire of drift wood; cut the bread; made the coffee and baked the oysters, running incessantly to Julia with the biggest, her round face as red as a peony.

It was a gray, gusty day; too gusty for us to use the little sailboat which was drawn up on the beach. This disappointment offered Julia a chance for pretty wilful pettiness.

"Too provoking! I set my heart on a sail!" she cried, pouting. "I will wager a rose against a pair of gloves that I have it yet, Count!" her eyes suddenly sparkling.

The bet was taken. Half an hour afterwards we missed Julia, and the next moment saw her in the cockle shell of a boat drifting out of the little cove, the sail, half raised, flapping in the wind. She stood on the bow, her red ribbons fluttering, kissing her hand saucily.

"I have won! I have won the bet!" she cried.

"Put about!" shouted the Count. "You are going out to sea!"

We rushed down to the edge of the water, all shouting orders at once. Julia terrified by the sudden consciousness of her danger sprang on the bow. A heavy flaw

came just then, and the boat was capsized instantly.

"Mon Dieu! I cannot swim," cried the Count. The other men were in the same case. Two of them, however, threw themselves into the water manfully, but were washed back. A solid body leaped into the surf with a splash! It was Christina, divested of shoes, stockings and outer petticoat, striking out boldly for the place where the girl went down.

"Hurrah for old Norje!" cried the Count. "She swims like a frog!"

She came back with Julia, a very wet and drabbled butterfly in her arms.

There was no justice, to my mind, in the end of the accident. Julia, when dry again, was rosy and pert and charming as ever; but poor Christina had been thrown against the hull of the bow. She was quite badly injured and was laid up in bed for a month. Mother and I had her work to do, while Julia took wing to Newport.

"Things are strangely ordered in this world," I said, as I laid down a half read letter from her hand one day late in October, full of her gaieties and successes, and glanced out at Christina, beginning to limp heavily about in the kitchen.

"They always come out right," said mother, quietly. "What is that on the other side?"

I turned the letter and read.

"Oh, by the way, I thought I owed 'old Norje' some reparation for her injuries in my behalf. So I wrote to our consul in Christina to pay Jan's debt for me, and to send him and his mother out by the next steamer. You told me that old Sanders had finally grumbled himself into his grave. Why not take Jan as farm-hand and put him and his mother into the tenant house?

"I have ordered from New York a few odds and ends to make it comfortable for them. They will arrive in Philadelphia on next Monday."

I could hardly finish; the tears choked me. "I have been very unjust to Julia," I said.

We agreed not to tell Christina, but to surprise her. We had grown very fond of the patient, affectionate creature, with her everlasting chatter of "Mutter and Jan."

The "odds and ends" proved to be a very complete, though plain, plenishing for the house. Christina helped to clean the house for "the new farmer," and to arrange the pretty furniture.

On Monday, mother went up to Philadelphia to meet the steamer. She was to come down in the morning train the next day. I watched it pass on to the little station.

A handkerchief waved out of the car window, the signal that all was well. I saw from the porch, three figures alight on the platform, and take their way across the field.

When they had time to reach the tenant house, I said, carelessly:

"Come, Christina. There is something yet to be done for the new farmer."

"I hope," she said in her pleasant broken English, "he will be good neighbor. It is nice house. It is as good as our pastor lives in at home. This is a fine country for the poor, Mangel Martha."

I nodded, I was too excited to speak, when we reached the steps, mother came out, her face all in a glow.

"They are inside! They are all we could wish," she whispered, eagerly. "One minute, Christina," and she ran to the astonished girl, smoothing her fair hair, retying the gay handkerchief about her neck, while I hurried into the room.

A heavy-built man in the Norwegian dress, with honest blue eyes, stood waiting, and beside him a tall, erect woman with a peculiarly gentle, kindly countenance. They were both greatly agitated and scarcely noticed me, their eyes being on the pastor.

It opened. I heard mother say, with a half sob, "Go in, child. God bless you," and Christina came in.

She stood one moment dumb and still, her hands stretched out in amazement. Then came the cry, "O mutter! mutter! O Jan!"

It was the pent up love and longing of years forcing its way into speech.

We came out and left them alone together.

Mother and I had prepared a little feast for them; a good substantial supper as foundation, and frosted cakes, flowers and grapes as embellishment.

After a while, we brought them out to it.

But they only ate to please us. They were too deeply moved for such little pleasures.

After supper, we went into the kitchen, and the old mother, looking at the fire upon the hearth that had been kindled for them in a strange land, said a few words in a low voice, and they all sank reverently upon their knees while she prayed.

Mother and I knelt with them; what did it matter that the words were in a strange tongue? We understood her, and the Great Father of ours also heard us as we kneeled side by side.

I think, "dear little mother," I said, as we went home that night, "God heard your prayer when you went to find your savage that day."

"He always hears," she said, quietly.—*Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis in Companion.*

What had the life of Jesus been to us, if we had had only the record of His sermons, without the record of His going about doing good? I think the every-day life of Jesus touches the human heart more than the great truths which He uttered. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting-table. There is evil enough

THE WORLD A MIRROR.

The conscientious, the honest and the truthful commonly find those with whom they deal willing to exhibit the same qualities. On the other hand, the deceitful and the unprincipled are extremely liable to be paid in their own coin. Indeed, so strong is the disposition to judge others by ourselves that we are tolerably safe in concluding that those who charge the world with want of sympathy are not themselves extremely sympathetic; that those who pronounce mankind unprincipled will bear watching. Since the world is a kind of mirror we are quite apt to see in others only a reflection of ourselves. Since its polished hardness approaches flintiness our treatment of the world is liable to be turned back upon ourselves, the force of the rebound, as well as its nature, being determined by our own conduct.

If we love our fellow-men they will love us; if we hate them they will hate us; if we aid them they will aid us; abuse them, and abuse returns, sometimes steeped in the poison of malice. Hence it commonly happens that he who can control himself can usually determine the treatment he is to receive from others. He who possesses the love which our Saviour recommends has the means of securing kindness from most persons and respect from all. Let us remember that hatred is not likely to break what love cannot melt; that the warmth of a summer day can accomplish more in destroying the iceberg than centuries of howling wind.—*Van Dyke's Through the Prison on to the Throne.*

HE LEADETH ME.

Psalm xxvii.

In "pastures green?" Not always; sometimes He knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright, Out of the sunshine into darkest night, I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this: I know He holds my hand; So, whether led in green or desert land, I trust, although I may not understand.

The "odds and ends" proved to be a very complete, though plain, plenishing for the house. Christina helped to clean the house for "the new farmer," and to arrange the pretty furniture.

On Monday, mother went up to Philadelphia to meet the steamer. She was to come down in the morning train the next day. I watched it pass on to the little station.

A handkerchief waved out of the car window, the signal that all was well. I saw from the porch, three figures alight on the platform, and take their way across the field.

When they had time to reach the tenant house, I said, carelessly:

"Come, Christina. There is something yet to be done for the new farmer."

"I hope," she said in her pleasant broken English, "he will be good neighbor. It is nice house. It is as good as our pastor lives in at home. This is a fine country for the poor, Mangel Martha."

I nodded, I was too excited to speak, when we reached the steps, mother came out, her face all in a glow.

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After supper, we went into the kitchen, and the old mother, looking at the fire upon the hearth that had been kindled for them in a strange land, said a few words in a low voice, and they all sank reverently upon their knees while

Miscellaneous.

A VIOLET IN THE GRASS.

Only a violet in the grass,
Upon the border of the field;
And yet I stoop, and would not pass
For all my bounteous acres yield.
I bless the kindly plough that left
This little, silent friend to me,
Of all its sister flowers bereft,
Like one cut off from sympathy.

Where yonder dark-brown belt of trees
Breaks on the far blue mountain-line,
What throngs of violets on the breeze
Give out a fragrance rare and fine!

But this one, trembling here alone,
Dropped, like a tender thought from God,
Needs none to make its message known
Before I pluck it from the sod.

And hide it on the hard-tried heart,
Too tired by far for aught of glee,
That yet goes singing soot apart,
"I was meant for me! 'twas meant for me!"

Howard Glyndon.

Science and Art.

Celloidin is successfully employed in making stereotype plates, and is found to possess great advantages over the electrotype process.

THE COMING COMET.—The new comet will probably be visible to the naked eye about the 1st of May. About the middle of May it will be near the pole, and there is every reason to expect that it will then be a brilliant object in the heavens.

THE FASTEST STEAMER.—The steamship Alaska of the Guion Line now stands at the head of the list of fast ocean vessels. The recent trip across the Atlantic was accomplished in 7 days, 6 hours, and 43 minutes actual time. The fastest voyage which had been made previous to this was by the famous Arizona, also of the Guion Line, which crossed the Atlantic in 7 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes. The weather is not reported to have been unusually fine.

DEFINING A TERM.—A paper laid before the Biological Society of Paris tells us, from a scientific point of view, what it is to be "dead drunk." It seems that this condition exists when the vital fluid presents the proportion of 1 of alcohol to 195 of blood. It is at this stage that most drunks cease drinking, or we would have more deaths from alcoholism; for when the imbecile continues to drink until each 100 parts of blood contains 1 part of alcohol, death invariably ensues.

FORTIFICATIONS OF STRASBURG.—The new fortifications of Strasburg will be completed during the present spring. An idea of their enormous extent may be formed from the following figures: They enclose on the left bank of the Rhine, besides the town and suburbs, twelve Asiatic villages, and on the right bank four other villages, with a total superficial area of over 37,000 acres. The distance of the advanced forts from the town is from three to five miles, and the average diameter of the entire works nine miles. The total cost is put down at \$5,400,000.

NEW DISCOVERY.—An important fragment of the celebrated plan of the city of Rome of the time of Septimus Severus, of which the pieces found in the sixteenth century and subsequently are preserved on the staircase walls of the Capitoline Museum, was discovered recently in the course of the excavations in progress between the Temple of Antonius and Faustina and the corner of the Palatine. It shows a portion of the plan of the Temple of Castor and Pollux and other edifices which stood within a few yards of the spot where it was found, and it fits into and completes one of the fragments in the Capitoline Museum.

Personal.

The Rev. Joseph Cook will go from Ceylon to Hong Kong, Japan, and Australia, and return to San Francisco about October 1.

The daughter of Charles Kingsley is as fond of fox hunting as of writing stories. She is a daring horse woman and a graceful writer.

Apart from music and conversation on non-scientific subjects, Mr. Darwin found his principal relaxation from study in novel-reading.

General Butler would like to lead the Anti-Prohibition and Anti-Woman Suffrage element in Massachusetts. He does not seem to care which party supports him, but he would like to have a look at "the other candidate" before he enters the race.

Tennyson is fond of the seashore; but not much so. The lights are too bright and the mood is too even. He likes drowsy, brown autumn hillsides, somnolent sheep, and deep, dark inland lakes, not easily accessible or too near. Sheep are his especial pets, and he likes to lie in a high-backed chair, smoking a pipe while he looks at them.

The Chinese Minister at Washington appears at official receptions in a garment of plum-colored satin with collar of blue velvet worn over a robe of white silk brocaded with circles and dragons, and the black satin cap always worn in doors. He keeps his hands hidden in the folds of his great sleeves, and surveys the crowd through his spectacles with an impulsive and heavy dignity.

Items of Interest.

Rome recently celebrated her 2,635th birthday with appropriate honors.

The Detroit Post states it as a fact that within a week six Irishwomen of that city are to marry negro men.

There are 252 lawyers in the Forty-seventh Congress and only thirteen editors and one clergyman. No wonder things go wrong.

Twenty-six towns in Massachusetts voted this year in town meeting to petition the Legislature for a law securing municipal suffrage to women.

One can form some idea of the extent of the overflow on the lower Mississippi from the

fact that a gentleman coming up the river did not see land for nearly 300 miles.

A Corean book is said to date from 1317 to 1820, or 120 years before the first book was printed in Europe. In 1420 there is mention of type in Corea, and from thence Japan received the invention.

In the rogue's gallery in China, instead of the faces, the thumbs of criminals are used as means of future identification, impressions of them being taken on paper. "The face may change," say the Chinese, "but not the thumb."

The French do not seem to appreciate the value of universal suffrage. Out of 10,000,000 registered voters only 1,000,000 went to the polls. Now some of the papers who appreciate liberty want voting made compulsory.

The first bicycle known to be in the possession of Uncle Sam, was purchased the other day from the Pope Manufacturing Company. A United States quarantine officer in Georgia having made application for a bicycle to be used in the performance of his official duties, the requisition was deemed a reasonable one, and the machine ordered.

The fastest time ever made in this country was made on a late Saturday afternoon, when a party of journalists were whirled to Cape May over the West Jersey Railroad by a train of three passenger cars. The trip of 8½ miles was accomplished in 83½ minutes. The run to Millville of 41 miles was made in 42 minutes.

PRACTICAL LIFE; or, Ways and Means for Developing Character and Resources. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "The Complete Home," "Lights and Shadows of Sacred Story," etc. Bound in fine English cloth, black and gold ornaments, plain edges, \$2.75, ditto, full gilt, beveled boards, \$3.25, a cheaper edition, on good white paper, one illustration securely bound in plain cloth, \$2.25. J. C. McCurdy & Co., publishers, Phila., Pa.; Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.

This handsome volume of over 600 pages treats of various subjects. We do not know that we can do better than to give the following selections from the topics: Common Sense, Physical Culture, Living for an Object, Discussion of Amusements, Education, How to Acquire It, Avenues Opening on Life, Especial Employments for Women, Pursuits for Men and Women, Notes and Business Forms, General Rules of Society and Clubs, Entrance into Society, Value of General Information, Acquiring and Using a Library, General Principles of Etiquette, Propriety and Elegance of Dress, Divorces and Hasty Marriages, Things Not to be Done, The World's Wedding Day, Practical Religion, Bureau Miscellany.

These subjects are treated in a living way and contain hints that will help young people along the path of life. We commend it to our readers. It is illustrated with colored plates, some of them a little too highly colored for our taste, but they will please the million for whom the book was written. We predict a well merited success for the work.

SINGING ON THE WAY. A collection of hymns and tunes for Sunday-schools, social worship and congregations. Compiled and arranged by Mrs. Belle Jewett, New York City, assisted by Dr. J. F. Holbrook, author of "Worship in Song," "Quartette and Chorus Choir," etc. Cincinnati, O., R. W. Carroll & Co., publishers, 1882. Price, 25c. a copy, \$3.60 a dozen, \$30.00 a hundred.

WORTH LIVING; or, The Old Finchley Place.

By Lilian F. Wells; 12mo, cloth, pp. 272, illustrated, \$1.25. Published by The American Sunday-School Union, 1122 Chestnut St., Phila.; 153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago; 10 Bible House, New York; and for sale by all booksellers.

Several petitions to the Emperor of China have described with great frankness the official corruption which exists throughout the empire, and is in no department more flagrant than in the army. A common method of defrauding the treasury consists in keeping the names of deserters and dead men upon the roll, so that a considerable part of the money received for a full regiment may be appropriated by the officers. These petitions have been printed in the Pekin Gazette, have attracted general attention and received general approval—and been promptly forgotten.

Farm and Garden.

COUNTING THEM BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.—The *Press* says: "The newspapers which advertised for some swindling incubator men that chickens could be raised by the hundred on almost any seven-by-nine city lot, with eggs bought at the groceries and hatched by patent incubators, begin to see that they did not show much discernment to publish such trash."

LOWING THE SOIL.—No farmer is afraid to stir his soil as often as he can. Those who kept their land stirred frequently during last summer's terrible drought, weeds or no weeds, had their reward in exceptionally good crops of corn and potatoes, and a good growth of trees. Deep culture is not desirable, but frequent surface culture—even once or twice a day if possible—will always tell a good story at such time.—*Press*.

ASPARAGUS.—Asparagus-beds are sometimes ruined by those who mean no such thing. The *Practical Farmer* thus explains how it comes about: "In cutting asparagus early in the season, it is not best to allow any shoots to run up, not even weak ones, as they draw most of the food collected by the roots, or it goes into them—and the eyes that would start into growth remain dormant, and as a result the buds do not produce near so many heads as if all the shoots were cut as they appear. By cutting all the shoots we call into growth the eyes that would otherwise remain dormant, and these almost invariably form the largest and best heads, which it is our ambition to secure by cutting away the weak as well as the finest heads until the middle of May, when we allow one or two shoots to run up from each crown. The case is different when all the shoots are cut as they appear to near the end of June. The roots are then so exhausted that there may not be sufficient vigor left to furnish good, strong shoots, and unless there is good haulm this year, the prospects of heads next year will be very slim. Visit the Children; Beautiful Thoughts; Lessons for June.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for May 13th and 20th, contain Rosetti's Poems, Edinburgh; A Sketch of the Criminal Law, Nineteenth Century; On the Development of the Color-Sense, and The Life of James Mill, Fortightly; Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte: a Contrast; and Alfonso La Marmora, Modern Review; Ostia, a Port of the Past, and Twenty-four hours with a Neapolitan Street-boy, Cornhill; A Norman Priest, Athenaeum; Economic Geology of India, Art Metal-work of Japan, and The Wild Silks of India, Nature; with "Emilia," "The Bandman's Story," and the conclusion of "Pentock."

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

It follows the order of the original, and embraces all its topics. 2. The answers, with but few exceptions, are expressed in the very words of the Heldenberg Catechism; so that what the child here learns, is in so far the Catechism proper. 3. Each answer is followed by one passage of Scripture, not merely indicated but given in full. 4. The questions and answers are simple, clear and connected, and are so framed as to assist the teacher in teaching and the scholar in learning the doc-

trines of our Church. 5. Three styles of type are used, for question, answer and proof-text, respectively. 6. The questions are numbered consecutively, for easy reference.

We call the attention of the brethren to it, and have no doubt that they will examine it for themselves.

FACTS AND FANCIES IN MODERN SCIENCE: Studies of the Relations of Science to Preventive Speculations and Religious Beliefs. By J. W. Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., etc. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St. Pp., 238, price, \$1.25.

This volume contains the lectures on the Samuel A. Crozer Foundation in connection with the Crozer Theological Seminary for 1881. The object of the lecturer was to meet the statements and arguments advanced by men who have tried to supersede Revelation by science. The author succeeds in putting the two before the reader in their true relation. The work is characterized by the learning for which Principal Dawson is distinguished, and yet his statements are very popular in their form. They show that many of the pretended facts of science are only fancies, and that the credulity required to believe them involves a greater stretch than simple faith in the Word of God.

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The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
Rev. J. H. SECHLER,
Rev. D. B. LADY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER,
} Synodical Editors.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts. For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1882.

The Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ was finished upon the cross. It was made "once for all" so that it need be neither repeated as under the Jewish system, nor continued as the Romanists contend in their theory of the Mass. Its efficacy is of force always, and in virtue of that one sacrifice, His Priesthood is continuous. This makes the fact of His ascension glorious and consoling. We have a High Priest who has entered into the Heavens, and now intercedes for us. No one can think of the matter in this light without comfort. It has a historical bearing upon the bringing of God and His people to the one-ness for which our Saviour prayed.

Last week a stale "item," stating that the dedication of the chapel at Washington had been deferred, slipped into our column of church news and was "laughed at" by the communication printed on our first page, giving an account of the services of the dedication, which really took place on the 30th inst. The special communication gave the latest information, the anticipated delay having been overcome. We are glad to note that our chapel at the national capital is on a firm basis, and that a spiritual home has been provided for our people in that place. Now the regular support promised, will, in a few years, make the Mission self-sustaining.

Not long ago a pastor sent "slips" of obituary notices, which stated that said pastor had preached funeral sermons of extraordinary merit, but the compliment paid by a local paper appeared in our columns as the pastor's comment on his own work, and was embarrassing in the extreme.

In the midst of Easter rejoicings it was said in one note that the services were all good "except the preaching of the pastor," and we omitted to note that the declaration was by the pastor himself. Others would have judged differently of the matter.

Such annoying statements we once feared occurred even at rare intervals in the MESSENGER only, but we find that they slip into almost every paper, and that common sense people know how to understand them. We noted some time ago that a Montreal paper mixed up an account of Catholic missions in Africa and a receipt to make tomato catsup, viz:—"They (the missionaries) are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel, then place them in dripping pans and bake them till they are tender."

The Hicksite branch of the Society of Friends held their yearly meeting in this city last week. The "Sixth Query," as it is called, was propounded on Wednesday, and reads as follows:

"Do you maintain a faithful testimony against books; an hireling ministry; bearing arms, training and other military services; being concerned in any fraudulent clandestine trade; buying or vending goods so imported or prize goods; and against encouraging lotteries of any kind?"

Supporting the ministry of the gospel, it will be observed, is classed with dishonesty in business, and is to be equally contended against by those who are called upon to lay siege to the strongholds of iniquity.

Any one who would profess his belief in the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, would be expelled from the "meeting." Indeed a denial of that was what Elias Hicks made a test of membership in the new school he established, and a large number of the original Friends worked themselves into the idea that it was idolatry to worship Jesus.

We cite the case only to illustrate the points upon which men may have scruples. Whole sects often build upon some falsehoods, and then declare themselves to be the only true Israel of God. They are apt to bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on other men's shoulders, but will not move them with one of their fingers.

The same spirit is often shown by indi-

viduals. A man may magnify even an indifferent thing into what he calls a principle, and then expect the whole church to come to him, and he may keep every one in turmoil under the plea of contending for absolute truth. This is the spirit of Popery, but it can never vindicate itself, if for no other reason, because one such persistent person's honesty and judgment may be no better than that of his brethren, and every one may ask with St. Paul, "Why is my liberty to be judged of another man's conscience?"

The *Catholic World* now speaks of Campanella who turned Protestant as "a poor battered creature, who was eminent in no sense save for a scandalous life," whereupon the *Independent* says: "A Protestant could not bring a more telling indictment against the Church in Rome. A canon of great St. Peter's eminent only for a scandalous life!" Why was he not removed, if this be true? If the Church has sunk so low as to keep, without question, men in high ecclesiastical positions whose immorality is notorious, then there is certainly a call for missionaries in the Eternal City."

DIFFERENCES NEED NOT IMPLY HERESIES.

There is among men an honest difference of views in regard to the explanation of the doctrine of the atonement. This difference has reference, not to the substance of the doctrine itself, but to the explanation given to it by the two views referred to. All agree in the doctrine that Christ died upon the cross to make expiation for the sin of the world. He was the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." He was offered as a *vicarious sacrifice* for man, which means that He took the place of man and suffered the penalty of the law in man's stead. This has been taught by the church in all ages, and this is held and believed by all the ministers in the Reformed Church.

But in explaining this doctrine in relation to other doctrines, and to the sum of Christian doctrine, some differences appear. Such differences in explanation have existed in all ages. The theory of the primitive church was not the same that came to be the prevailing theory in the middle ages, and since the Reformation still different explanations have been given. The explanation does not necessarily affect the doctrine itself. That may be held in its integrity whilst the theories in regard to it differ.

So far as we are able to understand the subject the difference just now turns largely, if not mainly on the view of *substitution* that is entertained. Our Lord became a substitute for man in the sacrifice He offered on the cross. One theory views the substitution in a more external way. God's holy law required that man must die on account of his transgression. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Being unable himself to make satisfaction for his sin, some substitute must be found to take His place and suffer in His stead; and God accepted for this purpose His only begotten and well-beloved Son. Christ took man's place, and God transferred man's load of guilt to Him, just as the one might assume the paying of a debt owed by another. This theory makes the death upon the cross the sole end and purpose for which Christ assumed our nature. All other facts in His life, His incarnation, His obedience to the Divine law, His resurrection, His glorification, have their significance as they are related to His death as the centre of them all. We do not attempt to criticize, but merely to state in the briefest form, this theory.

The other theory starts, not from the death of Christ, but from the *person of Christ* as the centre of all Christian doctrine. It starts, not from the penalty man incurred by sin, but from the sin itself, as bringing about a separation between man and God. The object for which our Lord came into the world, and assumed our nature, was primarily to remove this separation and bring man into harmony again with God. That which had become separated must be united—made one, which gives us the meaning attached to the at-one-ment. Christ becomes a substitute for man in a more internal way. He takes our nature upon Him in His incarnation, in order that He might bring it into full harmony with the Divine, and raise it up in full union with God. In doing this He had to eliminate all sin and preserve Himself from all stain of guilt. As our nature lay under the curse of the law, He had to suffer death, and pass through death, before He could raise that nature up to a state of life and immortality. He took the place of man, not by outward appointment, but as a necessary consequence of His in-

carnation. He suffered for man's sin, not only as an external debt laid upon Him, but also because death was a part of the burden resting internally and necessarily upon the nature He assumed. Death was not the only requirement for man's redemption; His active obedience was equally necessary. Death must be followed by His resurrection and glorification, else it would be of no avail to deliver man. The doctrine is here explained from the standpoint of our Lord's generic headship of the race, rather than from the stand-point of a federal headship and external substitution. The positive side of redemption as a triumph over death and the verification of our humanity is made prominent as well as the negative side of passive obedience and suffering. The whole mystery finds its explanation in the Constitution of our Lord's Divine-human person. First Christ, and then His sacrifice.

The higher schools of Ceylon are doing a good work. In Jaffna College fifty out of the seventy-three students have renounced Paganism for Christianity, and these educated men will be an immense power in the land.

An exchange holds it as a possible sign of the Millennium that Presbyterians and Roman Catholics have joined in a grand effort to help the Congregationalists of Paterson, New Jersey, buy back their church property, which was sold under foreclosure of a mortgage.

Reports show that there are 6,820,825 children in the Sunday-schools of the United States. This is almost one-eighth of the entire population. But for these schools a very large majority of the children would receive no religious instructions at all. Even the young of Christian parents are committed to them rather than nourished in the family, and this naturally makes a thoughtful person anxious as to the character of the schools.

The literary societies of Franklin and Marshall College have lately held their forty-seventh anniversary—the Goetheans on the 13th inst., and the Diagnotheans on the 19th inst. We are glad to see the spirit with which these literary feasts are prepared and how much they are enjoyed. It is a good sign to see students directing their energies in that way.

WAITING FOR THE SPIRIT'S ADVENT.

When our Lord had ascended to heaven, the Apostles proceeded to Jerusalem, there to wait for the fulfilment of the promise that Christ would come again, in the person of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

This period of a few days appears almost like an interregnum in the government of Christ's kingdom on earth. But it was not such in reality. It was an important period in the lives of the Apostles and other disciples. The Lord had breathed upon them, and they were, in a measure, made partakers of His Spirit. The Spirit of prayer was upon them, so that there was no lack of spiritual exercise amongst them, while thus secluded from the outer world. They even felt authorized to fill up the apostleship vacated by Judas, having sought Divine direction in the matter.

Thus they *diligently* waited for the coming of Him who should be their future guide into all truth. It was to them a period of intense inward activity. They were excluded from the rest of men, from the noise and bustle of the world; but yet, within their own little circle, there was unwonted activity, of which the world knew nothing, and which would tell for the interests of mankind to the end of time.

While the Jews in all parts of the world were making their final preparations for the approaching festival of Pentecost, getting ready their caravans—or were already on the way; while excitement ran high among the various tribes of Israel; the only real preparation for that Pentecost was going on in the "upper room" in Jerusalem, where were assembled the few disciples of the despised, rejected, crucified Nazarene. And, as the great festival drew near, what noise and excitement on the streets and in the public places in the Jewish capital! Dignified priests and rulers arrayed in their gorgeous robes of office; men, women and children all in festal habit and cheer; shopkeepers, and traffickers in every sort of commodity, on the look-out for customers; Roman soldiers and policemen on guard to keep the peace and preserve order; all this and more in anticipation of the great feast. But apart from it all, in a place unobserved, were assembled the disciples of Jesus, praying "with one accord," and waiting for the promised Comforter, the promised joy and the promised Kingdom.

In such manner God performs His mighty wonders. Not by the world's demonstrative might and power, but by the silent, all-powerful operations of His Spirit.

The patient waiting was followed by activity in another form. The quickening Spirit descended—baptized the disciples into one body—filled them with the life and light of Christ, and constituted them His Church. "This is the day the Lord hath made," the day in which we live, and in which we wait for the final coming of the Lord. Baptized by His Spirit, let us wait in the "upper room," above the world's mad rush and tumult, for His glorious appearing.

which will be passed over without further notice.

Much routine business was transacted, which it is not deemed necessary to give in detail. Suffice it to say, that the present annual meeting was a very harmonious and pleasant one. The only drawback to the full enjoyment of the occasion, was the cloudy, drizzling weather that prevailed from the beginning to almost the close of the meeting. On the wall, over the pulpit, in a semi-circular form, the letters being made out of boxwood, were the words of greeting to the members of the Classis—"Welcome to the old mountain Home." The members were hospitably provided for by the good people of Mercersburg, and in return passed a vote of thanks to them for their kind entertainment. The Classis adjourned finally on Monday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, to meet in Greencastle, in annual sessions, on Wednesday evening, May 16, 1882.

STATED CLERK.

CLASSIS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The fifty-second annual meeting of this Classis was held in the Mount Zion church, Rowan county, North Carolina. The session continued from Thursday morning, May 11, to Saturday evening, May 13, 1882. The sermon, by request, was preached by Rev. G. D. Gurley. In the absence of the President the Classis was constituted by Rev. Jer. Ingold, and opened with singing and prayer.

Rev. Mr. Ingold was chosen president, and Rev. Thomas Long was re-elected treasurer by acclamation. Rev. G. Wm. Welker is stated clerk.

The representation of ministers was not full, several being absent on account of sickness, and for other causes. The delegation of elders, however, was complete. The meeting was an exceedingly harmonious and pleasant one, and the enjoyment of it was shared daily by an attentive and interested congregation. The reports on the state of the several charges did not indicate as much success in the work of building up the churches as has often been the case heretofore. There were some signs of discouragement in such cases, but it is to be hoped that after the renewal of courage at the meeting of Classis, they will return fresh and strong for the work of the Lord.

The President appointed Rev. Paul Barringer chairman of the committee on the state of the church; Rev. G. D. Gurley, on examination of candidates; Rev. J. A. Foil, on overtures; Rev. Thomas Long, on the Minutes of the Synod of the Potomac; Rev. J. A. Foil, on the Minutes of Classis; Col. J. A. Forney, on Finance, and Rev. Paul Barringer, on Religious Services. A donation of 400 copies of the Mission House Certificate was presented to Classis, through Col. Forney, from R. F. Kelker, the treasurer of the Foreign Mission Board, and, according to his direction, distributed among the Sabbath schools of the Classis. Bro. Keiker's plan is to attract the hearts of the children to the blessed work of missions.

The benevolent contributions from the churches, under the care of Classis, pass through the hands of the Board of Systematic Benevolence, and the report of its treasurer always attracts the attention of Classis. In order that each congregation may contribute, and that the sums be increased, it is required of each pastor or consistory to take up a collection for Beneficiary Education in the month of August; that for Foreign Missions, in October, and that for Home Missions in April. The plan is working well, and promises to call out the grace of giving more fully from year to year.

Classis spent several hours, in committee of the whole, in surveying the mission work to be done in North Carolina. It was ordered by Classis that its committee lay the result of this discussion before the Board of Home Missions, to learn what aid can be relied upon to take up this work. The mission at Concord was ordered to be supplied by Rev. Messrs. Gurley and Barringer; Moffett's Grove, by Rev. Messrs. Cleff, Long, and Heddick, while Rev. P. Barringer was authorized to organize a congregation at a point in the western part of his charge.

It was also ordered that hereafter Classis devote a part of its session to the consideration of Sabbath-school work.

Rev. J. C. Cleff was appointed to read an essay on Catechization, or some other topic of practical church work at the next annual meeting.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted—"That in the judgment of this Classis, it is inconsistent with Christian conduct, and injurious to the interests of the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, to manufacture, sell, or use as a beverage, whisky, brandy, beer, or any intoxicating drink."

It was also enjoined upon the pastors of the Classis to preach on the proper observance of the Sabbath in the month of July next.

The pastoral relation between the East Rowan charge and the Rev. R. F. Crooks was dissolved, and Rev. Messrs. Gurley and Barringer were appointed to preach in the vacant charge as often as possible, and to aid the consistory in an effort to secure a pastor.

The next annual meeting of Classis will be held in the Pilgrim Church, Davidson county, on Thursday before the fourth Lord's Day in May.

Messrs. G. S. Ramsaur, John F. Moore, Reuben Seitzer, George M. Bernhardt, D. A. Ramsaur, and Rev. Thomas Long were re-elected Trustees of Catawba College.

The Classis reports ten ministers, 31 congregations, 2270 members, 1185 unconfirmed members; baptized, infants, 130; adults, 29; confirmed, 84; renewed on certificate, 19; Sabbath-schools, 17; Sabbath school scholars, 630; students for the ministry, 2; contributions for benevolent purposes, \$253; for congregational purposes, \$3157.

The members of the Classis of 1882 will long remember the meeting of that year with the good people of Mt. Zion, whose hospitality was so abundant. This congregation has now the finest and most costly House of God in the Classis. Doubtless, under the diligent pastorate of our young Bro. Barringer, the congregation will move on rapidly in the way of prosperity, as already begun. The meetings of Classis were truly delightful, and, that more than filled both the Reformed church and the Lutheran church in the immediate vicinity, whose pulpit was filled by Bro. Foil, were profited by the services. When this congregation has completed its building externally, and furnished it with a bell, chandelier and organ, there will not be anything to be desired as respects the beauty, piritual home.

STATED CLERK.

CHURCH LITERATURE.

There are few amongst the laity of the Church, especially those who are engaged in Sunday School work, who have not felt the want of books for the libraries which give, in part at least, the history of the Reformed Church, and the lives of the men prominent in her organization. Nor have the laity been the only ones to deplore this want. The ministry have spoken of it, and the Church has made several efforts to meet it. These efforts were made on a limited scale, and in no way commensurate with the object. Other denominations have taken it up, and, for a while, carried forward the publication of good books, but were easily discouraged. The Fatherland Series, inaugurated by Mr. J. K. Shryock, and for a few years pushed forward by his energy, had attained the respectable proportions of a library of some twenty volumes. It was, and is now, a great good for the youth of the Lutheran denomination. Young people in our day, do not, as a class, relish history, and there are few in our Reformed Church who have taken the time to study the trials and conflicts of their early life. Their love for the Church of their fathers is not as strong and abiding as it should be. They are often easily turned into other denominations, being ignorant of the lives of the noble and pious men who fought her battles and shaped her course.

To start in the young this denominational love, to encourage and intensify its growth, no time should be lost. I know of no better way than through our Sunday School books. They are read very generally, and remembered. I think this a favorable time to bring the subject before the Church. I know there are some who will smile at this article, and possibly, call our plan visionary. And this will not be the first time the word has been used in speaking of church work.

My proposition is to incorporate a joint Stock Company, with a capital of \$10,000 in shares of five or ten dollars, as might be thought best, and after the corporation had paid the stockholders back their money, then the plates, good-will, and property of the Company be paid over to the Church. This Company will be managed by business men, and on business principles. Any one who will take the trouble to inquire will find that the business of book publishing is profitable, if you can sell the books at regular prices. This work would have a stimulating effect on the membership, and there would be no great trouble to sell the shares, as I believe it would commend itself to the judgment of business men who love their Church.

I must not be understood as reflecting on the Board of Publication of the Church. They are men of action, they are managing their trust with prudence. The great want with them is that the Church does not respond to their calls as she should. They cannot be expected to make debts without some reasonable expectation of help from the people. The scheme they have just put before the Church, to secure 1000 life subscribers to THE MESSENGER, on payment of \$100, should meet with prompt response. The number could be obtained in ten days, if the ministers took hold of the interest. We can point with just pride to our papers. THE MESSENGER is a great educator. It is ably conducted. The original articles are sound and instructive; its selections pure, and of a high character. So, too, with the Quarterly Review, and other publications. They are bringing the Church before the people, in a favorable way. Why then should not our members, especially the wealthy ones, come forward and complete this action of the Board? To show their earnestness in this matter, nine of their number have purchased life memberships at \$100 each. East Pennsylvania alone, with her wealth of membership, and greater wealth of dollars, could easily make up the balance. I pencil these thoughts, after a talk of a number of earnest Church members, as expressing their views, and ask for the views of those who may feel interested in the work of Sunday School Publications.

J. HEYSER.

CORNER-STONE LAYING AT CATAWISSA.

The corner-stone of a new church, to be built by St. John's Reformed Church, of Catawissa, Pa., was laid on Ascension day, May 18. The sermon was preached in the Lutheran Church (new school) by Rev. Wm. C. Schaeffer, after which the congregation proceeded to the site of the new church where the corner-stone was formally laid by the pastor, Rev. G. B. Dechant. Services were again held in the Lutheran Church in the evening, when Rev. T. J. Hacker preached the sermon. Besides the above, Rev. A. Houtz was present and took part in the services.

This congregation has hitherto worshipped in a Union Church, owned jointly by Lutheran (old school), and Reformed Congregations. About a year ago the Reformed people sold out their interest in the old church, and determined to build for themselves. The new building is to be of brick, 34 by 54 feet is situated in a central location, and will have a basement story for the use of Sunday-school. The pastor and people are to be congratulated on this evidence of prosperity and progress.

W. C. S.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. John P. Stein was installed as pastor of St. John's Reformed church, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, May 17, at eight o'clock, P. M. The sermon was preached by Rev. D. Van Horne, D. D., and the liturgical and installation services were conducted by Rev. Charles G. Fisher. A good congregation was present, and much interest was manifested in the solemn services. The congregation takes new heart, and the pastor enters on his labors with much to encourage him. The prospects are, that this Mission will go forward.

On the evening of the 4th of May Rev. A. M. Maserheimer was installed pastor of the Weatherly charge by a committee of Classis. Revs. G. B. Dechant and W. B. Sandoe preached appropriate sermons on the occasion, and Rev. T. Derr conducted the installation service. Bro. Maserheimer has been laboring for several months in this charge, and has already won the affections of the people. He is doing a good work.

Two weeks later, on Ascension Day, Rev. S. Kohler was installed pastor of the Wapwallopen charge. Two members of the com-

mittee on installation were present. Rev. T. Derr preached in the German and Rev. O. H. Strunk in the English language, after which both members of the committee took part in the installation service proper. The Wapwallopen is a newly-formed charge, composed of four congregations. All of the congregations were fully represented by their respective consistories, who showed commendable interest in the joint consistory meeting held immediately after the installation service. Bro. Kohler has, in many respects, a pleasant field of labor and will, no doubt, after a few difficulties have been overcome which grew out of the reconstruction of the charge, have a successful pastorate.

SYNOD OF POTOMAC.

The communion season in the Sulphur Spring charge has just been brought to a close. The last communion of four was held May 7. This charge until now has not been self-sustaining. Twenty-three persons were added this spring, eighteen by confirmation, and five by certificate. Three were baptized, and the same number are heads of families. \$100 was contributed for benevolent objects during the year, being about 60 cents per member. A church edifice erected within a few years is free of debt, indeed the whole charge is without debt. Our Sunday-school is denominational, and is in a flourishing condition. Its first anniversary was held on Christmas and proved quite success. The field looks more hopeful, and if the members work together in faith, the result cannot be doubtful.

The address of Rev. S. B. Schafer is changed from Milton, Pa., to Martinsburg, Blair county, Pa.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

The St. John's Mission, Johnstown, Pa., lately presented their efficient organist, Mattie Litzinger, a purse of \$15.50, and a real turkey gilt Order of Worship and Hymns. She is no member of our church. She is never absent from any of the services. The congregation felt that they owed her for her services to the church.

Nine persons have been added to the Greenville congregation of the Myersdale charge, Somerset county, Pa.

The Spring communion season of the Shenango charge, near Greenville, Mercer county, Pa., Rev. F. Pilgram, pastor, was attended with more than usual interest and solemnity. In each one of the four churches a class of catechumens, numbering 47 in all, had been faithfully taught ever since November last, and at the communions recently held in the charge, they were all received into full communion with the church by the solemn rite of confirmation.

The Holy Communion was administered at Mount Union Church, Kittanning charge, Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher, pastor, on Sunday, May 14. Five persons were received by the solemn rite of confirmation.

The Holy Communion was administered on May 10, at the St. Luke's Mission, near Kokopell, Indiana county, by Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher, when a class of nine catechumens were confirmed, and eight received the sacrament of baptism, four of whom were adults. The Mission now numbers twenty confirmed members.

SYNOD OF OHIO.

Rev. H. Hanhart's address has been changed to Delphos, Ohio; and that of Rev. L. B. Clayton, from Maplewood, O., to Farmland, Randolph county, Ind.

Rev. R. F. Olinger of Grove City, Ill., writes to the "Christian World":—"I have resigned the Mount Zion charge, having just closed my fourth year. Any one wishing to correspond with the above charge, address, Peter Schrib, Grove City, Christian county, Illinois."

Rev. H. I. Comfort, of Bradford, Miami county, O., has resigned the pastorate of the Bradford charge. The resignation took effect April 17. For the present there is no change in his address.

Rev. R. Keller, of the Neriah charge, Michigan, requesting it, was assisted in a series of services for the salvation of souls by Rev. A. E. Bitchly, who rendered him assistance for ten days, dating from March 20.

The Navarre charge, consisting of four congregations, two of which require some German preaching, is still without a pastor. The difficulty in securing a pastor lies in the fact that both English and German are required. Rev. Dr. G. W. Williard, by request, lately spent a Sunday in the charge, and administered the Lord's Supper in the Richville congregation, and delivered a lecture in the evening at Navarre. He reports the charge as very anxious to have a pastor, and able to give a good support.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Kefauver were agreeably surprised, April 12, the twenty-seventh anniversary of their marriage, by the married ladies of the church in the first place, and by their husbands afterwards. The former came to the parsonage in the afternoon, most of them bearing baskets filled with the most toothsome dainties; at five o'clock the latter came, and all sat down to a most enjoyable supper. After a pleasant evening together, and before retiring home, another surprise in the shape of a fine gold-headed cane, was visited upon the worthy doctor. The cane was presented with fitting remarks by J. U. Heckerman, M. D., to which Dr. Kefauver very appropriately and feelingly responded.

SYNOD OF THE NORTHWEST.

The Fifth Reformed church of Cleveland, O., celebrated the seventh anniversary of its founding on Jubilate Sunday, April 30. At the invitation of the pastor, Rev. W. Braun, Rev. Stechow, of Wheeling, W. Va., preached the anniversary sermon, basing it upon Psalm 122: 6-9. Revs. Trautmann, Praekatsch and Braun, conducted the liturgical services suited to the festival occasion.

Mission services were held in the afternoon, from two to three o'clock for the children, from three to four for the adults. The children were addressed by Mr. Thiem, formerly an elder and member of the Fourth Reformed church. He was followed by Rev. Praekatsch.

A short recess was then taken, after which

the services for the adults were proceeded with. First, Rev. A. Schade, of the Sixth Reformed church, preached a brief sermon from St. Matthew 28: 18-20. He was followed by Rev. Forwick of the First church, who taking Psalm 103 as a basis, took a short retrospect of the past seven years. He began the erection of a small church-building with three families. The material for building was presented by other congregations. Now at the end of seven years, the church numbers 150 communicant members. The third and last speaker was Rev. Dr. H. J. Ruetenik, who concluded with some remarks on Rev. 2d chapter.

April 30 was an occasion of much joy to Rev. C. Schiller and wife, it being the day of their silver-wedding, marking twenty-five years of their married life. The happy couple had not made the fact known, but somehow or other it was generally known, nevertheless. Early on Sunday morning they were greeted with a hymn by the members of the church choir. The evening before, two elders and a deacon, came to the parsonage and invited Mr. and Mrs. Schiller to room in the basement of the church. Here a complete surprise awaited them. They were presented with a handsome set of parlor furniture, and the pastor himself with a silver-headed cane, with the remark that the gifts were intended as tokens of remembrance and sincere love. On Monday the members of consistory with their wives, were hospitably entertained at the parsonage. Gladly and willingly would the pastor have invited all the members of the congregation, if there had been sufficient room in the parsonage.

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

Rev. F. Fox's address is No. 409 W. 47th Street, New York City.

General News.

HOME.

Washington, May 17.—The Signal Corps station at Delaware Breakwater reports as follows:—The Mallory Line steamer Rio Grande, from Galveston, Texas, for New York, cargo cotton, arrived in the harbor at 6:58 A. M. with cargo on fire in forehold and midship. The passengers were transferred to the Italian bark Pequino seventy-five miles southwest from here. Wrecking Company are at work with steam pump to extinguish the fire. The vessel was sunk to extinguish the fire.

New York, May 18.—It was reported today at the United States Marshal's Office that the search for the Phoenix Park assassins on the incoming steamers from Europe would be abandoned, on account of the impossibility of their escaping to this country on any ocean steamer.

The Evening Commercial states that although it is denied at the office of the steamship company, at police headquarters, and elsewhere, it has positive knowledge that the mysterious passenger by the steamer Wisconsin yesterday, and whose name is said to be Turner, has been arrested.

It states:—He returned to the ship, and was at once taken into custody. It was said that he had previous been to the British Consul's office, and had there explained that he had been out on a lark, and had suddenly come to America. He disclaimed any participation directly or indirectly, with the assassinations.

Chicago, May 17.—An Oshkosh, Wis., special reports a great scarcity of cattle in that vicinity, and a beef famine is feared. The section represented has been completely scourged for live stock, but without much success. Farmers have raised few cattle on account of the scarcity of corn. An effort is to be made to secure the importation of cattle from other points.

Chicago, May 20.—A special from Leadville, Colorado, regarding yesterday's fire says:—At 3:30 A. M. a fire broke out in the rear of the "Palace of Fashion" clothing house on Chestnut street.

The flames quickly spread to the Windsor hotel, and enveloped the building so rapidly that it was impossible for people in the second story to escape. Men appeared at the front windows in their night clothes, calling loudly for help. Fire ladders were placed at windows, but the men throwing themselves upon the rungs in their fear, many were injured in their hasty exit.

The flames next took possession of the Academy of Music, which was soon beyond saving. Owing to the fireproof material of which the First National Bank was built that building was saved. The flames were checked to the westward, but it became evident that to the eastward the entire block must go, from Harrison avenue to Oak street.

In an hour the Academy of Music, Windsor Hotel, Palace of Fashion, Hotel Brunswick, and three or four business buildings above were levelled with the ground.

It is supposed that at the Windsor Hotel there was great loss of human life. Sober calculation at this writing, without positive proof, would indicate that fifteen persons perished in the flames.

The loss is estimated at \$3,000,000, mostly insured in English companies.

It is said that the exceptions in the case of Guitteau will be unanimously overruled.

The celebration of the 107 anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was concluded in Charlotte, North Carolina, on Saturday. There was a military parade and review, display of the fire department, speech of welcome by Senator Vance, reading of the Declaration by Senator Ransom and oration by Senator Bayard. A large assembly was present, including many prominent gentlemen.

FOREIGN.

The Associated Press dispatches from England, give the following:

London, May 22.—The News this morning says the Government intends to permit the Coercion act to lapse from the date of the passing of the Repression bill.

London, May 20.—The Times says the Parliament amends to the Repression bill will be most uncompromising, particularly in regard to the clause abolishing trial by jury.

The four knives sent to Dublin by a Sheffield firm just before the Phoenix Park murders were sold to a party going to the Transvaal.

Glasgow, May 20.—A man named McCarthy has been arrested here on suspicion of being concerned in the Phoenix Park murders. He has stains on his garments supposed to be blood and a partially healed wound on his nose.

Dublin, May 21.—Seventeen houses have

been burned at Middleton, County Cork, and seventy persons have been made homeless.

Rev. Mr. Sheehy has returned to Kilmallock, where he received an ovation.

A riot has occurred at Limerick between the police and the people. The police charged with fixed bayonets, and several persons were injured.

London, May 22.—The Standard this morning reports that the appointment of Colonel Brackenbury as Inspector General of the Irish constabulary has been cancelled, and that Colonel Bruce has been appointed to that office.

The leaders of the League oppose Mr. Parcell's contemplated resignation of his seat though he has strongly urged his desire to reside on the Continent for some time.

Hull, May 17.—The steamship Hidalgo, with Lieutenant Danenhower, Mr. Newcomb, the naturalist, Jack Cole, the insane seaman, and Long Sing, survivors of the Jeannette Arctic expedition, arrived here at 5 o'clock this morning, all in good health. Cole, with the exception of one night, when he had to be confined, was allowed perfect freedom during the voyage. The party will proceed on the midday train for Liverpool.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF CLASSES FOR 1882.

9. Allegheny Classis, in Millerstown, Pa., Monday evening, May 24, at 7:30 o'clock.

10. Clarion Classis, in St. Petersburgh, Thursday evening, May 25, at 7:30 o'clock.

11. Zion's Classis, in Trinity Reformed Church of York, Pa., Tuesday forenoon, May 30, at 10 o'clock.

12. Lebanon Classis, in Newmansburg, Pa., Wednesday evening, May 31, at 8 o'clock.

13. East Susquehanna Classis, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Wednesday evening, May 31, at 7:45 o'clock.

14. Maryland Classis, in Middletown, Md., Wednesday evening, May 31, at 7:30 o'clock.

15. Somerset Classis, in Meyersdale, Pa., May 31, at 7:30 o'clock.

16. Lancaster Classis, in Columbia, Pa., Thursday evening, June 1, at 7:30 o'clock.

17. Westmoreland Classis, in Pine Run Ref. Church, Westmoreland county, Pa., Thursday evening, June 1, at 7:30 o'clock.

18. St. Paul's Classis, in St. Mark's Church of Zion's charge, Crawford county, Pa., Thursday evening, June 1, at 7:30 o'clock.

19. Philadelphia Classis in White Marsh, Pa., Friday evening, June 2, at 8 o'clock.

20. San Francisco Classis, in St. John's Ref. Church of San Francisco, Cal., Friday evening, June 2, at 8 o'clock.

21. Portland Oregon Classis, in Oregon city, Oregon, Thursday evening, June 8, at 7:30 o'clock.

22. Gettysburg Classis (for organization), in Gettysburg, Pa., Wednesday evening, June 14, at 8 o'clock.

23. Carlisle Classis (for organization), in Carlisle, Pa., Wednesday evening, June 14, at 8 o'clock.

ORDERS FOR EXCURSION TICKETS.

The Annual Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College will be celebrated on Thursday, June 15th. The graduating class numbers twenty three. Full particulars of the exercises of Commencement week will be given hereafter. Orders for excursion tickets, at reduced rates, on the Pennsylvania, Northern Central, and Philadelphia and Reading railroads, can be obtained by addressing the Secretary. Excursion tickets on all of these railroads will be sold from June 10th to June 15th, inclusive

Youth's Department.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

BY R. PIERCE.

Matt. vi. 28.

"Consider the Lilies!" 'Tis the Saviour's sweet voice,

As He speaks of the Great Father's care; And points to the flowers which bloom at His feet

In their beauty and freshness so rare.

"Consider the Lilies!" O how do they grow? How clothed in their graceful array?

How gain they their fragrance? their beauty excels

The glory that monarchs display.

"Consider the Lilies!" they toil not nor spin,

But patiently wait for the dew,

Dependent on Him who will send the bright sun,

And clothe them in brilliant hue.

"Consider the Lilies!" why take so much thought

For the wants which every day brings? Be not over anxious, "your Father above Knoweth that ye have need of these things."

"Consider the Lilies!" Then why not submit To God's special guidance and love? He'll crown thee with mercies while trusting

Him here,

Then take thee to mansions above.

Newtown, L. I. —Churchman.

ONE OF HIS JEWELS.

BY LILIAN PAYSON.

"O mamma, the girls are all going to wear jewelry! Nelly May says her papa's going to buy her a new set of garnets, and Annie Brown has her lovely turquoise ring and pin. Hatty Marston has a pearly-white cross, and all the rest have corals or jets or pearls or something. I don't believe there's another girl in school that hasn't at least a ring. Even Alice Horton has a plain gold band that used to be her mother's. She can't wear much, to be sure, because her mother's just died; but I haven't as much as she. I'm afraid I shall feel ashamed to stand out on the platform, before everybody, and look so plain and bare, with only my white dress on."

Margaret had just come from school, where all was preparation for the exhibition which would soon take place. The girls had been talking over their dresses, and she had felt all the while that it was hard that she should be so poor. She knew her mother was sewing, sewing, from morning till night, and denying herself many things that she needed, that the hardly earned money might help Margaret to get her schooling. She knew that it had been by severe pinching that the pretty white dress had been bought, and that her mother's eyes often ached when she sat up long after midnight to make it up. Yet all these things only made it seem harder still, and Margaret wondered why her life was so different from that of others. In fact, she often made herself quite miserable with the thought that everybody else had more things to make them happy than she. She had sometimes said so to her mother, who had told her that she was mistaken.

"We are poor, it is true," she would say; "but the rich are not always happy. If we work harder than many, that is far better than to be idle. And, after all, Margaret, God knows just what is best for us. If we love Him, we may be sure that we shall not lack anything that would be good for us."

This afternoon, however, her mother did not reply, as Margaret rushed into their cosey little sitting-room. She only looked sad and grieved; and soon Margaret came and took a seat beside her, saying,

"I'm sorry I trouble you so, mamma. I know we can't afford it, and I'll try not to want it."

Her mamma rewarded her with a bright, loving smile, and then said,

"Did I ever tell you, dearie, why I named you Margaret? The name means a pearl. When God gave you to me, I felt that He had given me a jewel to take care of for Him. So I named you Margaret, to keep me always in mind of this. And, darling, I long to have you number yourself among His jewels now."

Margaret knew what her mother meant, for, only the day before, her Sunday-school teacher had explained the text used as a motto for the paper which had been distributed in the class,—"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." She knew that her mother wished her to be a Christian, and so be one of the jewels in the Saviour's crown.

"How shall I know if I am one of His jewels, mamma?" asked Margaret.

"You would try to honor Him, darling.

The jewels in His crown will add lustre, beauty, and glory to it, and so contribute to do Him honor. And one way in which you could honor Him would be to have a patient, uncomplaining spirit, even though we have not as many pleasant things in life as some others have."

"I do want to, mamma," answered Margaret; "and sometimes I think I do love Jesus a little."

"I hope you do, darling. But give Him your whole heart, and He will help you to meet all the trials which will come to you in life, both small and great."

Margaret went up to her own little room, and told the dear Saviour all about it, and that she wished to please and honor Him. When the day for the exhibition came, she had asked Him to help her specially; and He surely did, for Margaret's face was so sweet and beaming that no one noticed whether she had any jewelry or not. But the minister, who was present, leaned over, and whispered to his wife,—

"I think Margaret must be one of the Saviour's jewels; there is such a peaceful light shining in her face, which used to look so fretful sometimes." —*S. S. Times.*

THE LITTLE SNOWFLAKES.

A princess in France, who had come from a colder clime, grew tired of all the pleasures prepared for her and longed to have a sleigh-ride once more as in her own country. The king, who tried to please all her whims, had a long street prepared one night for such a ride. How do you suppose he tried to imitate snow? He had many thousands of pounds of salt and sugar sifted along the ground, and the next day took her out for a sleigh-ride over its surface. It was only a poor imitation at best, and it cost a great deal of money and labor. Even a king could not cover a single field with snow.

Yet how easily the Creator covers a whole country with this white mantle! How small the means He uses! How little one snowflake can do! And yet it is just the snowflakes that do it. As you look out of the window some winter's day, you can see it settling softly over the black ground, hiding everything rough and unsightly, blanketing warmly thousands of little plants that are to spring up with April rain.

Now, if you could only see the good that would follow, if all the children began to work for Jesus, I am sure you would wish to begin to-day and ask every little neighbor to join you. Remember how much the snowflakes do, and "are ye not much better than they?" —OLIVE.

HEROISM.

"Oh, dear," said Willie Gray, as he sat down on the saw horse, and looked at the kindling-wood which he ought to have been splitting for his mother, "I do wish I could do something for the world. Some great action that every one could admire, and that would make the country and the whole world better and happier. I wish I could be a hero, like Washington, or a famous missionary, like Judson, but I can't do anything or be anything."

"Why do you want to be a hero?" asked his cousin, John Maynard, who, coming up just then, happened to overhear his soliloquy.

"Oh," said Willie, coloring, "every one admires a hero, and talks about him, and praises him after he is dead."

"That is the idea, is it?" said John. "You want to be a hero for the sake of being talked about."

Willie did not exactly like this way of putting it.

"Not only that, but I want to do good to people—convert the heathen—or—or save a sinking ship, or save the country, or something like that."

"That sounds better; but, believe me, Willie, the greatest heroes have been men who have thought least about themselves and more about their work, and so far as I can recollect now, the great—I mean according to the Christian standard—have always begun by doing the nearest duty, however small." And here John took up the axe and began to split the kindling-wood.

Willie jumped off the saw-horse, and began to pick up the sticks without saying a word; but, though he said nothing, he thought the more.

"I've wasted lots of time thinking what great things I might do, if I only had the chance," he thought; "and I've neglected the things I could and ought to do, and made a lot of trouble for mother. I guess I'd better begin my heroism by fighting my own laziness."

Will any boy adopt Willie's resolution, and carry it out in his daily life?

PRAXITELES.

Praxiteles came of no mean family. His father, Cephisodotus, was connected by marriage with the renowned general, Phocian, and was besides a sculptor of repute, his work being in demand not only in Athens, but also in the Peloponnesus. But the gifted son, born about one hundred years after Phidias (probably about 400 B. C.), was to eclipse the glory of his father, from whom, however, he doubtless received much, as a comparison of their works will show. Praxiteles appears, also, early to have enjoyed the acquaintance of his senior, the Parian Scopas, who made Athens his home about 375 B. C. If we are to believe the reports of the ancients, the career of Praxiteles was a very long one, and seldom was paralleled in productivity and in the variety of his creations; nearly three-score works being mentioned as the fruits of his genius. They were scattered far and wide, many of them in different parts of Greece and Asia Minor. From this fact it is inferred that the life of Praxiteles, like that of many of his fellow sculptors, was spent partly in his native land and partly in the opulent Ionian satrapies of the Orient. How long he lived we are not told, but he probably witnessed the crushing blow given to the liberties of his country by Philip 338 B. C. He may have watched the growing power of the young Alexander, although there is no evidence that, like some of his compatriots, he ever engaged in the service of that monarch. In a statue of Aphrodite, the gracious goddess of love and beauty, antiquity seems to have recognized the masterpiece of Praxiteles. Her statue at Cnidus is said to have made that sea-port town so attractive that people flocked thither from all parts to view the marble goddess. All that remains to us are feeble echoes of its grace, to be gathered from its effigy on a Cnidian coin, struck in honor of Plautilla, and from a few marbles.—*The Century.*

HOW TO RUN.

Very few boys know how to run. "Ho, ho!" say a dozen boys. "Just bring on the boy that can run faster than I can!"

But, stop a moment. I don't mean that most boys can't run fast—I mean they can't run far. I don't believe there is one boy in fifty, of those who may read this, who can run a quarter of a mile at a good smart pace without having to blow like a porpoise by the time he has made his distance. And how many boys are there who can run, fast or slow, a full mile without stopping?

It hardly speaks well for our race, does it, that almost any animal in creation that pretends to run at all can outrun any of us?

Take the smallest terrier-dog you can find, that is sound and not a puppy, and try a race with him. He'll beat you badly. He'll run a third faster than you can, and ten times as far, and this with legs not more than six inches long. I have a hound so active that he always runs at least seventy-five miles when I stay a day in the woods with him; for he certainly runs more than seven miles an hour, and if I am gone ten hours, you see he must travel about seventy-five miles of distance. And then, a hound will sometimes follow a fox for two days and nights without stopping, going more than three hundred and fifty miles, and he will do it without eating or sleeping.

Then, you may have heard how some of the runners in the South African tribes will run for long distances—hundreds of miles—carrying dispatches, and making very few stops.

I make these comparisons to show that our boys who cannot run a mile without being badly winded are very poor runners.

But I believe I can tell the boys something that will help them to run better. I was a pretty old boy when I first found it out, but the first time I tried it I ran a mile and a quarter at one dash, and I was not weary nor blown. And now I am going to give you the secret:

Breathe through your nose!

I had been thinking what poor runners we are, and wondering why the animals can run so far, and it came to me that perhaps this might account for the difference, that they always take air through the nose, while we usually begin to puff through our mouths before we have gone many rods. Some animals, such as the dog and the fox, do open their mouths and pant while running, but they do this to

cool themselves, and not because they cannot get air enough through their noses.

I found once, through a sad experience with a pet dog, that dogs must die if their nostrils become stopped. They will breathe through the mouth only while it is forcibly held open; if left to themselves they always breathe through the nose.

So, possibly we are intended to take all our breath through the nose, unless necessity drives us to breathe through the mouth.

There are many other reasons why we ought to make our noses furnish all the air to our lungs. One is, the nose is filled with a little forest of hair, which is always kept moist, like all the inner surfaces of the nose, and particles of dust that would otherwise rush into the lungs and make trouble, are caught and kept out by this little hair net-work. Then the passages of the nose are longer, and smaller, and more crooked than that of the mouth, so that as it passes through them the air becomes warm. But these are only a few reasons why the nose ought not to be switched off and left idle, as so many noses are, while their owners go puffing through their mouths.

All trainers of men for racing and rowing, and all other athletic contests, understand this, and teach their pupils accordingly. If the boys will try this plan, they will soon see what a difference it will make in their endurance. After you have run a few rods holding your mouth tightly closed, there will come a time when it will seem as though you could not get air enough through the nose alone; but don't give up; keep right on, and in a few moments you will overcome this. A little practice of this method will go far to make you the best runner in the neighborhood.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT THE CHAIRS THINK.

Three little chairs leant side by side against the nursery bed;

Three little boys lay snug and warm, each tucked up to his head.

The chairs were chatting soft and low, as chair at night will do;

The children, dreaming side by side, might learn a thing or two

If slyly they would keep awake and hear the talking through.

One little chair went "creak, creak, creak," and stretched its legs a mite.

"Oh dear!" it said, "my joints are loose, my back aches so to-night;

That careless boy perhaps may think I do not feel his blows,

Nor shrink away from every kick and rudeness he bestows.

I wonder if all things can feel: perhaps they can. Who knows."

"Well, I've been chipped by Allie's knife until I sure would bleed,

If any blood were in my veins, and shame his thoughtless deed."

Thus spoke the second, with a sigh, and, creaking sad and low:

"Why can't the children tender be, and speak and act as though

They knew all things had hearts and nerves?

—they'd be much sweeter so."

A tiny pair of arms were raised as if to ask attention;

Their owner said, "There is a thing which I would like to mention,

For sure I know one child, at least, who's all we could desire;

He never scratches, cuts nor kicks, nor roasts me by the fire.

I wish we could all other boys with his kind deeds inspire.

"He's kind and gentle to all things, dog and cat as well;

As to the baby sister, dear, the little Claribel.

All things seem brighter when he's near, and better for the way

He speak to them, or deals with them; indeed,

I cannot tell

How my arms ache for that dear boy when he is gone all day."

And so remember, little friends, be gentle, tender, kind;

And live, each day, in such a way, 'twill leave no scar behind.

—*New York Observer.*

THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT.

Girls often declare that boys have all the fun. Well, they certainly do seem to get the larger share of it in a good many ways. Then, when they grow up, they are very apt too, to carry off all the honors, the literary fame, the military glory, the professional success, while the girls are left at home to do worsted-work.

Now and then, however, the girls come to the front in art, in literature, in science and even in war. You all know how Joan of Arc led the armies of France to victory, and how Moll Pitcher stood at the mouth of her cannon, pouring confusion into the British ranks.

Not so great as these women of martial fame were the "Milkmaids of Dort," but still they have their place in history. "If

any of you ever go to the land of wooden dikes and windmills, it quite possible that you may find yourself some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the centre of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall pyramid a *relievo* representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are there to commemorate the following historical fact:

When the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed, not far from their path, several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The Council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honored the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterward indemnified him

Religious Intelligents.

At Home.

The trustees of Lane Seminary at Cincinnati have tendered the professorship of church history, made vacant by the death of Dr. Humphreys, to Rev. John Dewitt, of Philadelphia.

The Easter collection at St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, amounted to over \$13,500. It is to provide for an endowment for the future maintenance of worship at this church.

Professor Samuel Curtis Ives, D. D., of Chicago, has been elected Hitchcock Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary, in place of Professor Mead, resigned on account of ill health.

There are twenty-three Congregational pulpits in Connecticut vacant waiting for a "good minister" to turn up, and the Congregationalist says there are twice as many "good ministers" ready to supply them "if amicable arrangements could be made."

Bishop Whipple, of the Episcopal diocese of Minnesota, it is said, declares his intention of licensing two women as lay readers, because no men can be found to fill the places. They are simply licensed to read the service and such sermons as the bishop puts in their hands.

Among the bequests of the late Edward L. Beadle, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was one of \$3500 to the General Synod of the Reformed Church of America, to found a Scholarship in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, to bear the name of the Edward L. and Adeline Beadle Scholarship.

The Moravian Church, the pioneer of the Protestant churches in the great work of foreign missions, sent its first missionaries to St. Thomas, in the West Indies, in 1732. It is proposed to celebrate the 150th anniversary of this great event August 21, and to raise a jubilee fund in its commemoration.

The shot gun method of persuasion was tried some time ago in Georgia on a lot of Mormon missionaries with a view to discouraging them from making converts. It had the effect of making the missionaries seek other fields of labor. Now in Mississippi moral suasion has been tried on a similar party of evangelists. They have been notified to leave the State, and not come back again. The invitation to depart was couched in such terms that the Mormons at once accepted it without controversy.

The Quakers reject baptism while the Baptists insist on it as a necessity. In Mexico a Quaker missionary happened to make a convert of a man who had Baptist sentiments. He baptized this Mexican, and on returning to his home in Indiana was reprimanded by the Quaker Quarterly Conference. His defense was that the man insisted on baptism, and would have gone over to the Baptists if he had not consented to perform the rite. This was not accepted as a good excuse.

Abroad.

Several thousand natives of Eastern Bengal have withdrawn from Roman Catholicism, intending to become Protestants.

An association has been formed at Dusseldorf, in Rhenish Prussia, which has for its objects the diminution of the number of school hours and the introduction of English outdoor games.

A missionary of the American Board in the Madura District, India, has under his sole charge fifty congregations, and nearly as many prayer-houses and school-houses. For the expenses of this work he received from the Board last year \$90, or less than \$2 for each congregation. Some of the Christians in that region live on less than \$6 a year, and yet give something for the furtherance of the Gospel.

There are in the Fiji Islands about 900 Wesleyan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000, over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches. Idolatry is scarcely known, and cannibalism, for which these islands were so famous only fifty years ago, has been voluntarily abandoned except by a single tribe.

The proposed relinquishment by the Irish Presbyterian Church of the mission station at Bonn, which has been for thirty years a centre for mission work amongst the Jews and native Germans, has called forth an appeal from Professor Christlieb, of that city, who has for a long time been a staunch supporter of the work. Dr. Christlieb appeals for \$10,000 to save the property and maintain the work. Rev. Dr. Graham, who has been for many years in charge of the mission, is about to retire, after a long and laborious life of missionary work.

A loathsome scourge has appeared in the Protestant Episcopal Mission schools in Africa. Bishop Penrick, in a recent letter, says it requires much of the time of those connected with the mission to extract these troublesome insects, called "chigres," from the flesh of the little sufferers. The "chigre" buries itself in the flesh, forming a white, tough sac, which it fills with eggs. In from twenty-four to thirty-six hours these eggs hatch,

and the process of hatching and burrowing goes on rapidly, the parasite going deeper and deeper, until mortification sets in and death ensues.

WELL FOUNDED ALARM.

The frightful and dangerous adulterations practiced by baking powder manufacturers is exciting an increased and widespread alarm among consumers. The evil has attained greater dimensions than the most extreme alarmist could have imagined.

The San Francisco *Daily Bulletin*, commenting on this subject, gives the following:

"In a city like New York, a Government Chemist makes an analytical examination, and discloses the fact that the very large proportion of powders sold there are made of alum. The action of alum on the human stomach is precisely the same as on the mouth; it draws and puckers it all up, producing all sorts of unpleasant and dangerous disorders. In Germany, England and France, any one found manufacturing or selling alum powders is subject to a heavy fine and imprisonment, but in this State of California may be found hundreds of brands made of this poisonous chemical. Pure baking powders should be made of grape cream tartar, which costs, at wholesale, from thirty to forty-five cents per pound. Many irresponsible and reckless manufacturers make this important domestic article from alum, which costs but three cents per pound. The Royal Baking Powder Company of New York, a wealthy and honorable corporation, the largest consumers of grape cream tartar in the world, in their efforts to introduce their goods on this market were confronted by an army of alum powders, which were sapping and undermining the health of this community. If the average citizen were told that his oft-repeated attack of dyspepsia, constipation, heartburn, etc., arose from using an impure and poisonous baking powder, he would probably pass it by as an idle, sensational assertion; yet such is the fact.

"Did any one of our lady readers, in her purchases of domestic supplies, ever notice that her grocer had nearly always a brand of powders put up under his own name? "If she had an analysis from a competent chemist it would tell her that in nearly every case SHE WAS BEING OFFERED POISON in its most dangerous and subtle form; not poison that quickly kills—for the dose is not large enough—but poison that will slowly and surely undermine the health of her little ones. The question arises, why do grocers have their powders put up under their own name, instead of having some well-known, pure and reliable brand of powder? It is simply because their profit is larger this way. Their powder is made of alum, at one-eighth of the cost of a cream tartar powder, and they are able to sell it in competition with an honest article like the Royal Baking Powder, and make an enormous profit. Nearly all the powders sold by the grocermen of this city, under their own name, are made by prominent manufacturers here, and are composed of alum, and the only safeguard a housewife has is to buy an honest cream tartar powder made by some responsible manufacturer.

"A series of researches in San Francisco, on the part of Professor Hanks, the State Chemist, shows that out of ten different private corner grocery brands, selected at random, every one contained alum or other impurities, and eight were short weight, some of them thirty-five per cent. The names of these powders are not here given; for it is scarcely believed that the grocers were aware of what they were buying and having put up under their own names, but the samples and reports are in the possession of Mr. Hanks.

"We make the suggestion to every reader to consider whether the pitiful saving arising from the purchase of a cheap baking powder compensates for the loss of health incurred. After the repeated warnings of science, any mother who continues the use of these poisonous compounds, does so with a fearful penalty hanging over her head. Go ask your family doctor if alum baking powders are dangerous, and be guided by his advice."

In the East, where this subject is exciting great interest, Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health* says, in a recent issue:

"Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been over-estimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the former Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interest of the public. We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect."

Dr. EDWARD G. LOVE, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, says the New York Tribune, December 17, 1880, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder.

It is proper to state that all the powders examined were from the open market, and that the original labels were in every case broken by Dr. Love himself.

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The Central Harmonist, St. Louis, Mo., says: "It is a thoroughly good and beautiful book." The Interior, Chicago, says: "It strikes me as the most valuable book on how to live."

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In his report, the Government Chemist says:—

* "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal brand.

An extract from the doctor's report is given below:

"It is not only my opinion, but a scientific fact, that the Baking Powder known as the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is, as is claimed, absolutely pure, being entirely free (as demonstrated by Chemical Analysis) from all those inferior substitutes, such as Alum, Terra Alba, etc., which are so extensively used and which are all more or less injurious."

1882.

LESSON HELPS

AND

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PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, May 22,

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Super at \$3.50@4.25; winter extra at \$4.25@5.25; Pennsylvania family at \$6@7.25; Ohio and Indiana do., at \$6.25@7; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do., at \$7@7.50; Minnesota bakers' extra at \$7@7.75, chiefly \$7@7.50, and winter and spring flours at \$7.50@9, as to quality, chiefly at \$8.50@8.75 for spring. Rye flour was dull and steady at \$4.0@5, as to quality, for Pennsylvania.

WHEAT.—Sales of 3000 bushels Pennsylvania red afloat at \$1.45; 500 bushels Michigan white in grain depot at \$1.40, with \$1.45 bid and \$1.45 asked for No. 2 red, May and elevator; 10,000 bushels June at \$1.43, closing on call at \$1.43 bid and \$1.44 asked; 10,000 bushels July early at \$1.28, with \$1.28 bid and \$1.28 asked at second call; 5000 bushels August at \$1.22, with \$1.22 bid and \$1.23 asked at the close.

CORN.—Sales of 2000 bu hds No. 3, in grain depots, at 80@80c.; 1000 bushels sail mixed, in elevator, for local use, at 87c.; 500 bushels do., track, at Richmond, at 87c.; 1500 bushels do., in grain depot, at 88c.; 2000 bushels Delaware yellow, afloat, at 88c., quoted on track at 89c., with 85c. bid and 86c. asked, for sail mixed, May, in elevator; 5000 bushels June at 82@80c., closing at that asked and 82@80c. bid; 82@80c. bid and 82@80c. asked for July; and 10,000 bushels August at 82@80c., which was bid, with 82@80c. asked at the close.

OATS.—Sales comprised 1 car No. 2 mixed at 60.; 3 ears No. 3 white at 61@61@60c.; 2 cars No. 2 Western do. at 62c., and 2 cars No. 2 Pennsylvania do. at 63c., with 61c. bid and 62@60c. asked regular for May; 59c. bid and 59@60c. asked for June; 57@60c. bid and 58@60c. asked for July, and 48@60c. bid and 49@60c. asked for August.

Rye was scarce and firm, with sales of 500 bushels prime at 92c.

GROCERIES.—Raw Sugars were quiet and firm at 77@60@79@60c. for fair to good refining muscovados. Refined were quiet and steady 102c. for cut loaf and crushed; 102c. for powdered, 10c. for granulated; 94c. for mould A, 94@94c. for standard A. Molasses was dull and nominal at 38c. for 50-test.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$20.25@20.50; shoulders at 22@24c.; do. imitation, 18@21c.; Brafford fresh, tubs, 24@25c.; York State tubs, fresh, extras, 24@25c.; Western extras, fresh, choice, 20c.; do. good to prime, 17@19c.; factory, choice, 18@20c.; do. good to prime, 14@17c.; rolls, 14@17c.; f. & g. good to choice; common shipping grades, 8@10c.; grease, 3@5c.; prints, fancy, 30@32c.; do. firsts, 25@28c.; do. seconds, 20@25c.

Eggs.—Sales of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware fresh at 21c. and Western do. at 20@20c., closing on 'Change with 20c. bid and 20c. asked.

CHEESE.—We quote York State full cream cheese at 112@12c.; do. fair to good, 11c.; Ohio new fine, 11@11c.; do. fair to good, 10@10c.; Pennsylvania creamery, half-skims, 7@8c.; skims, 6c. for ch. ice down to 2c. for inferior.

POULTRY.—Winter Chickens are in fair demand at 20@22c. Springs are wanted at 30@33c. for heavy and dull at 25@26c. for small.

PETROLEUM.—The export market was dull and nominal at 72c. for refined in barrels and 11@12c. for do. in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote good to choice Ws ton and York State Hay at \$18@20; exceptional lots, large bales without wood, \$21; fair to good do., \$14@17. Rye Straw was quiet at \$14@15.50, the latter dull and flat at \$14.50.

FEED.—Sales of 13 cars winter Wheat Bran in track at \$22.75@23, and 9 cars do. do. to arrive at \$20@21, chiefly at \$20.50 for immediate shipment.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts at the West Philadelphia Yards were for the week, beefes, 2,400; sheep, 12,000; hogs, 3,200; previous week, beefes, 2,900; sheep, 15,000; hogs, 3,000.

BEEF CAITLE.—were active, and prices advanced 10c. per lb.

QUOTATIONS.—Extra, 84@85c.; good, 8@83c.; medium, 7@78c.; common, 61@78c.; fat cows, 5@7c.

Hogs were in good demand, and prices were firm.

QUOTATIONS.—Good 104@11c.; medium, 10@10c.

MILCH Cows were active at \$30@60.

SHEEP.—The market during the past week has been slow, and prices, in sympathy with the west, have declined fully 10c. per lb.

QUOTATIONS.—Extra wool, 7@78c.; good do. 61@65c.; medium do. 6@65c.; common do. 51@54c.; cul. do. 4@5c.; sheared sheep, 4@68c.; spring lambs, \$2.50@6.50 per head; Western calves, 6@8c.; Chester County, 61@62c.

DRESSED MEATS.—Dressed beves were active and closed at 11@12c. Sales last week: Thos. Bradley, 190 head, at 11@12c.; A. A. Boswell, 65 do. at 11@12c.; C. S. Dengler, 84 do. at 11@12c.; W. H. Brown, 90 do. at 11@12c.; Harlan & Bros., 47 do. at 11@12c.; J. F. Lowden, 40 do. at 11@12c. Dressed sheep were active. Samuel St. art sold 940 head at 101@11c.

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